

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,  
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,  
This infant warriour, in his enterprises,  
Discomfited great Douglas, tane him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,  
And shake the peace and safetie of our throne,  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The Archbishops grace of Yorke, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.  
But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my neereft and deareft enemy?  
Thou that art like enough, through vast all feare,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,  
To fight against me, vnder Percies pay,  
To dog his heeles, and curstie at his frownes,  
To shew, how much thou art degenerate.

*Prin.* Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,  
And God forgiue them, that so much haue swayd  
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me.  
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,  
And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,  
When I will weare a garment all of blood,  
And staine my fauors in a bloudie maske,  
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.  
And that shall be the day, when e're it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renowne,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all praised knight,  
And your vnthought of Harry, chance to meete,  
For every honor, sitting on his helme,  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
My shames redoubled. For the time will come  
That I shall make this Northren youth exchange  
His glorious deedes, for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,  
To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And

And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render euery glory vp,  
Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,  
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.  
This, in the name of God, I promise here,  
The which, if he be pleas'd, I shall performe:  
I do beseech your Maiestie may salue  
The long growne wounds of my intemperance:  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,  
And I will die, a hundred thousand deaths,  
E're breake the smallest parcell of this vow.

*King.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this,  
Thou shalt haue charge, and soueraigne trust herein.  
How now good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

*Enter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* So hath the busines, that I come to speake of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,  
That Douglas and the English rebels met,  
The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury,  
A mighty, and a fearefull head they are,  
(If promises be kept on euery hand,)  
As euer offred foule play in a state.

*King.* The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day,  
With him my sonne, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
For this aduertisement is fve daies old,  
On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward,  
On Thursday, we our selues will march, Our meeting  
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry, you shall march  
Through Gloucestershire, by which account,  
Our busines valued some twelue daies hence,  
Our generall forces, at Bridgenorth shall meete:  
Our hands are full of busines, let's away,  
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.*

*Fal.* Bardoll, am I not false away vilely since this last action?  
do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about  
me, like an olde Ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an olde  
apple Iohn. Well, Ile repent, and that suddenly, while I am in

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